

The Evening World

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TOO MUCH TO ASK?

THIS WEEK the House of Representatives must follow the example of the Senate and put itself on record as to whether it means to leave the President unhampered in his handling of foreign affairs. The country shows no tendency to nag its representatives. On the contrary its instinct is to trust them.

Nevertheless the great majority of Americans feel that their nation is facing a situation which demands more sober thought, sound judgment and single-minded action than any crisis which has arisen since they, at least, were born. They feel, most of them, that the eyes, not only of one foreign power but of all foreign powers, are fixed upon their Government, calculating its strength, searching out its weaknesses. They feel that in the next few days, weeks and months the conduct of those to whom the interests and honor of the United States are intrusted will be indelibly set down in letters that must stand forever to the credit or discredit of their nation—that History will weigh and judge.

With the consciousness of such responsibility most Americans in private life would strive to sink their prejudices, curb their tongues, and leave on record only such few words and acts as might prove their undivided devotion to their country.

Should they, can they ask less of their representatives in Congress assembled?

A CITY THAT GROWS ANY OLD WAY.

A MOVEMENT is afoot, backed by prominent merchants, banks, clubs and hotels, to save the city from the effects of further building of factories in shopping and residential districts.

Having pushed the retail stores northward, from section to section, the cloak, suit and petticoat manufacturers, instead of filling in the areas abandoned to them, follow with fresh incursions of factories and loft buildings in the heart of the new retail section.

The result is unevenness, ugliness, chaos. One section is left almost depopulated, while another is overcrowded with an unsightly conglomeration of shops, lofts, manufacturing establishments and empty private dwellings. Real estate values are thrown into hopeless confusion. Tax assessments are inconsistent and unjust.

If anybody wants proof of the random way Manhattan grows, let him take a walk through the old shopping district of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue. Empty buildings, staring windows and padlocked doors make this once prosperous quarter look as if the plague had struck it.

Yet instead of moving into this section, manufacturing jumps clean over it and crowds into streets and avenues north of Thirtieth Street.

A dozen of the biggest retail establishments in Manhattan give notice that after Feb. 1, 1917, they "will give the preference in their purchases of clothing, furs, etc., to firms whose manufacturing plants are located outside a zone bounded by the upper side of Thirty-third Street, Fifty-ninth Street and Third and Seventh Avenues."

Isn't it about time for New York to get itself in hand and find a way to exert its municipal authority before it becomes a worse hodge-podge than it is? What has been done with the plan to fix industrial and business zones?

A city that has celebrated its two hundred and fiftieth birthday ought to have civic sense enough to see that order and lightliness in its development cannot be forever ignored by a metropolis that bids for the custom of the country and the world.

GREATER IRELAND.

THE Irish who gathered at a hotel in this city last Saturday to shout God bless Ireland and do the other thing to England, chose a strange moment for the performance of this ancient rite.

Did they think thus to honor the quarter of a million of their fellow countrymen now enlisted in the British army, of whose loyalty, courage and heroic fighting qualities inspiring accounts have reached us? Did they think to speak for the million and a half Irish-born in this country, or for the millions more in whose veins runs Irish blood?

If so, they will find out their mistake. When John Redmond, upon Great Britain's entrance into the war, declared that England could take every soldier out of Ireland and have Irish soul and sinew for the Empire, he sounded a note which Irish hearts all over the world took up and held.

That note has not ceased ringing, nor can it be drowned out by a few yells and curses from old-fashioned Fenianism.

Hits From Sharp Wits

If the liver isn't working regularly philosophy doesn't seem to do a fellow much good.

A book salesman will call once and sell a ten-dollar order. Then he will call fifty times trying to collect the ten dollars.—Albany Journal.

Dollars and Sense By H. J. Barrett

"CERTAIN traffic experts earn a livelihood by inspecting their clients' freight records from time to time and accepting for their services a certain percentage of all they can obtain from the railroads for accidental overcharges," remarked a business man recently.

"My traffic department saves me a great deal directly in the shape of allowed claims for shortages in both outward and inward shipments, supervision of shipping thus insuring economical classifications, etc. But it is even more valuable in improving my delivery service to my customers."

"The department's duties can be roughly divided as follows: Supervision of (a) inward bound freight, (b) outward bound freight."

"When the purchasing agent places an order he promptly notifies the traffic department as to the probable time of delivery."

Men Who Fail

Copyright 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World). By J. H. Cassel



"I guess the Boss won't fire me if I sneak a day off now and then."

The Office Force

By Bide Dudley

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"SAY," said Popple, the shipping clerk, as he adjusted his eye glasses, "where does this big prizefighter, Jop Wilson, hail from? I mean the one who is to fight Frank Monahan."

Miss Prim, private secretary to the boss, assumed an air of superiority. "I presume you mean Jop Wilson, Mr. Popple," she replied. "I believe he's from Kansas."

"That's a nice town," said Spooner, the bookkeeper. "What town?" demanded Miss Prim.

"Kansas," said Spooner. "Kansas is a State."

"A State of what?" asked Popple. "A State of wheat, promotion and social statement," said Popple with a grin.

"Look!" came from Miss Prim. "It is a state of wheat and prohibition, but the statement is wrong."

"How do you know?" asked Spooner, the office boy.

"I presume you consider that smart," snapped Miss Prim. "Well, I'll tell you how I know. My cousin has a friend who is in the rose business. He ships a world of his goods to Kansas."

"Why, of course," said Spooner, who was a bit sweet on Miss Prim.

"And," continued she, "he tells my cousin the men out there are good spenders. Why, he often charges a dollar for a pair of hose."

"Sucks it to 'em, eh?" came from Spooner.

"Nelly, Bobbie, you've got a bright mind," said the blond stenographer.

"Where does he keep it?" asked Miss Prim.

"In his head. Where did you think he kept it?"

"I was under the impression that perhaps he kept it at home on the piano each day."

"Well, let me tell you something. Bobbie is a darned bright kid. And now, just because you're so critical I'm going to correct you. A while ago you called Willard Jop. His name is Jop. When he fights Frank Monahan at the Garden."

"Frank Monahan, you mean," sang out Bobbie.

"That's right, you little snip," snapped the blond. "Make me out a foolish nut. You haven't got brains enough to have a headache."

"Ahem," came from Miss Prim. "I was under the impression that Bobbie is a darned bright kid."

"Now listen, folks," said Spooner. "Why argue this morning? The sun is shining, the children are playing—let us all be gay."

"Can you imagine Miss Prim getting mad?" asked Bobbie in a low tone. She heard him.

"I'll have you know, you little fool, you that I am an expert of getting gay as anybody in this room," she snapped.

"All right," replied the boy calmly. "Let's have a gay contest. I nominate Mr. Spooner to oppose Miss Prim in a gay match. What will

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS!" muttered Mr. Jarr, as he gazed at the sporting news in the evening paper with knitted brows. "Twenty-five dollars! I tell you the country's full of fall guys, for sure!"

"Excuse yourself, please," said Mrs. Jarr quietly. "Please do not talk slang in front of the children. And, besides, I didn't ask you for twenty-five dollars. I only wanted eight or ten. And, come to think of it, I hadn't even spoken of that."

"Now Mr. Jarr has not been doing any hard reading. His remarks concerning twenty-five dollars in connection with 'fall guys' had been unconsciously extorted from him upon his reading in the fiction news that ringside seats to the forthcoming Willard-Monahan bout would be twenty-five dollars each."

Mr. Jarr did not care to explain, so he simply remarked that his comment had been caused by reading in the paper that people were paying as high as twenty-five dollars for seats at the opera when Farrar and Caruso sang.

"And why not?" remarked Mrs. Jarr. "They are both artists and are appreciated by refined people. Then, too, nobody knows what that dear Geraldine Farrar will do when she plays Carmen. Sometimes she slaps Caruso and sometimes she hands him a rose. The first night she sang Carmen this season she nearly killed a chorus girl, pulled her hair and threw her all about the stage—some people thought it was because Miss Farrar had been playing in moving pictures and some thought it was because she had just been married."

"I vote for the last named ticket," remarked Mr. Jarr. "But how did she come to think the chorus girl was her husband?"

"I don't care to discuss the opera, and artists whom I admire, in the vernacular of the gutter," remarked Mrs. Jarr severely. "I have also this to say, and that is that I do not care to have such expressions used in the home. You may speak that way in places where you hear such language used. Of all your friends, there is only one who has any choice of diction, and that is one Mr. Michael Angelo Dickinson, the vagabond poet, and that is the only thing about him to be admired!"

"Well, I think that even poor old Dink, who is the heavyweight champion of the English language, would call a boob a boob and a snip a snip, if he saw them paying \$25 to see an opera sung in a foreign language, with nothing interesting in it except perhaps the prima donna landing a few good short-arm jabs. And they tell me that the second time she went on in the star bout of Carmen, it was nothing but shadow boxing. Not a real blow, not a good wallop was landed during the entire opera."

"For the last time I am going to ask you not to use slang in my hearing!" said Mrs. Jarr. "You doubtless think you are very funny in speaking of grand opera, which is a treat for cultured people, in the terms of prize fighting. If you are trying to make me angry, you may bounce out of the house, you need not. If you wish to discuss art and literature and the opera in such vulgar phrases, please go out to your cronies at that resort on the corner and talk that way to them!"

And Mr. Jarr did. He went to Gus's and informed Mr. Rangle and Rafferty, the builder, whom he found there, that he hoped Willard would not sing off the key when they met in fistic grand opera a few weeks hence. "For," Mr. Jarr added, "I am going to try hard to raise twenty-five bucks to be among those present!"

How Men's Habits Began

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NO. 9—Joking.

On a bright July day in the year B. C. 50,000, a fat, young, wearing a fig leaf and a foolish smile, was making his way through a mountain valley. Suddenly he paused.

On the face of a nearby rock some tribal artist had rudely chiseled the features of a village belle. The young man gazed until an idea slowly crunched its way into his skull.

Looking about him he snatched up a bit of charred stick and added a pointed mustache and neatly trimmed Van Dyke to the countenance of the beautiful lady. He looked at what he had done and burst into a roar of laughter.

This is an important date in the history of human progress, for here we see the birth of humor. This is the oldest known attempt to do something funny and it has had its countless millions of imitators. The same thing is done to-day to the posters in our subway.

Next in order of ancient lineage is that darling of the paid jokesmiths, the mother-in-law wheeze. It probably dates back to the time when the wife and her mother were the acknowledged (as well as the actual) bosses of the home. The husband was merely among those present. So when a couple of men got a night out they'd roast the mother-in-law, just as the members of the office force cuss the boss to-day.

Mr. Jarr, the boss, arrived at this juncture. He nodded to all and was about to enter his private room when he remembered something.

"Oh, Bobbie," he said, stopping. "Mrs. Spooner wants me to thank you for bringing that package to her yesterday. It contained her watch, which I had had repaired for her. She says you are the nicest, most gentlemanly little fellow she ever met."

Miss Prim hesitated and then replied meekly: "He's an awfully nice boy, Mr. Spooner."

"Good!" said the boss. "It's nice for an employer to know the people in his office are so in accord with each other as you all are. I guess we'll have to arrange to raise Bobbie's pay."

He disappeared in his private office and silence fell over the little assembly. Finally, Bobbie could stand it no longer. "Thank you, kind friend," he said.

Miss Prim turned on him like a tigress. "That's the first real lie I ever told in my life," she snapped.

The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

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THE THIEF; By Herodotus.

THE KING of Egypt ordered a huge treasure vault hewn in the stone foundations of his palace. Three sides of the vault were of sheer rock, with a single tunnel entrance, guarded by a heavy iron door. The fourth side was of granite blocks and formed one of the palace's outer walls.

The architect privately arranged that one of these blocks of granite should be swung on a pivot, so that any one who knew the secret could get into the vault and loot the treasure. But before the architect himself had a chance to profit by this trick he died. On his deathbed he told the secret to his two sons.

The sons went by night to the palace wall, found the movable block and crept into the vault. It was full of the royal treasure, and they came out laden down with gold and gems. They returned, night after night, for more.

The king noticed that his pile of treasure was growing smaller, and he was very perplexed. He asked his men to look for a key to the vault's iron door, and there was no other visible way to get in. So he set a half dozen traps.

Next night the brothers came for a new load of gold. One of them entered ahead of the other, was caught in the steel jaws of a trap that slowly crunched out his life. His brother could not free him. So he cut off the unlucky man's head and carried it away with him, to prevent any one from recognizing the victim.

In the morning the king visited the vault. There he found the headless body caught in one of the traps. He could not guess how it had come there, or how the head had been spirited away. But he vowed to solve the mystery. He ordered the body hanged above the highway outside the palace and he set a squad of soldiers to watch it and to report if any passerby showed unusual grief at sight of it.

The surviving thief had no mind to let his brother go unhanged, so he managed to get the soldiers very drunk. While they snored he cut down the body and carried it home. To add to the insult, he shaved off the left side of each of the sleeping soldiers' heads.

The king, after this latest setback, was all the more determined to learn the thief's answer and to bring the thief to justice. He hit on a brilliant scheme to lure the other crook into his power. A herald was sent forth to proclaim his majesty's promise to give his only daughter as wife to the sutor who would tell her the story of the cleverest crime he had ever committed. To insure the wooer's safety from arrest, the princess was to receive the applicants in a pitch-dark room, so that none need fear recognition.

But the king told the princess to seize and hold any man who should tell of looting the royal treasury. He also had a dozen guards in the adjoining room with orders to rush in with lights at the princess's first cry.

The thief heard the proclamation and guessed why it had been issued. But a spirit of daredevilry urged him to match his wits once more against the king's. Then he went boldly to the dark room where the princess sat waiting.

"The cleverest crime I ever committed," he told her, "was to rob the king's treasure vault."

The princess cried out to her guards and at the same time seized the thief by the arm. But when the soldiers came running in they found her alone, clasping the hand and severed arm of the executed criminal.

The king was so impressed by this bit of genius on the part of the man who had robbed him that he offered free pardon and great wealth to him. The thief took advantage of the royal offer. He came forward and confessed his crime. The king not only granted him pardon, but the Princess's hand in marriage as well, saying:

"The Egyptians are the cleverest men on earth, but you are the cleverest man in Egypt!"

When a Man's Married

By Dale Drummond

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EMMMA LOVEJOY had sent them invitations for a formal dinner and Jane had fussed all day over what she should wear. Then at the afternoon wash she fretted for fear Robert wouldn't get home in time to dress.

"No hurry," she greeted him. Robert made no answer, but applied himself to the business of dressing. He was soon ready, and reminded Jane of the time, mildly suggesting that she put on her wraps.

"It's very cold, so we've something warm," he told her, as he drew on his arctic, then, "Aren't you nearly ready, Jane? We will be late, I am afraid."

"There! I'm all ready! How do I look?" Jane exclaimed, just as the clock struck seven.

"Sweet as a peach!" "Well, come on. What are you waiting for? The first thing I know you will say I kept you."

"You're not going out in those things!" Robert pointed to Jane's feet. "It was storming, a thin, ice snow-storm, and was also cold. Jane had on a pair of white satin slippers."

"I certainly am! I don't see anything the matter with them, if you do. Come on, I hate to be the last one there."

"Why, Jane, it's freezing cold, and you say you are going out in those paper slippers!"

Patience she returned and found a pair of rubbers.

Emma's guests were all assembled when they arrived. Jane was greeted as they were taking off their wraps.

"I knew you would make us late fussing about those rubbers!"

"Never mind, I'm here now," Robert replied, trying to keep his temper.

per. He was terribly annoyed with Jane and resented her accusation. Immediately they entered the drawing room dinner was announced.

"George will take care of Jane," Emma announced, before Jane had time to recognize the other guests, "and Mr. Harding, will you take Mrs. Lawrence?" I know, you are old friends and will have plenty to talk about."

Jane's face flushed angrily as her husband was paired off with Marion Lawrence. She supposed he had known her before they were married, it wasn't very nice of Emma to call attention to it, or to imply that they had so much to talk about. Just as she got home, she'd tell Robert what she thought! That Mrs. Lawrence was the best dressed woman at the dinner did not add to Jane's comfort.

All through the dinner Jane tried to overhear something of the conversation between her husband and the handsome widow. He and she were some distance away, only broken scraps floated to her. Several times they both laughed heartily. As Jane heard she became more and more angry, more and more determined to find out just what the cause was, was uneasy because of her manner, and said to her: "Robert seems to be enjoying himself. Drawing Jane's attention to her husband."

"Yes," Jane answered shortly, then thought to herself, "If I could dress as she can, perhaps Robert would find me more attractive. When I turned to Philip Macon, the man on her left, and talked and laughed excitedly through the remainder of the dinner. She would show Robert that others admired her if he did not."

Robert, seeing her animation, thought to himself, "I'm glad Jane is enjoying herself."

(To Be Continued.)

MAKING A HIT By Alma Woodward

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AT A Shopping Lunch.

Robert, the restaurant of a large department store. The restaurant of a large department store. The restaurant of a large department store.

Mrs. A (scanning the sea of tablecloths)—Shall we take this one?

Mrs. B (looking further)—Wouldn't you like one near the window?

Mrs. A (practically)—What's the use of sitting near the window? You're on the ninth floor—you can't look out.

They arrange their numerous packages on a chair. The waitress, the head waitress, the bus boy and an aide from the next table help to rack them up from the floor as they fall.

Mrs. A (fine-combing the menu)—What are you going to have?

Mrs. B (lingeringly)—I don't know. I'm pretty hungry.

Mrs. A (keenly)—I'm hungry myself. There's one thing I won't have, just for spite—lobster salad and ice cream. All men seem to think that all women have that for lunch every time they go out.

Mrs. B (sympathetically)—I know it, isn't it so? Every time I come home, naturally tired from a long day's shopping, and I'm kind of tired at the dinner table and don't have much to say, George says, very sarcastically: "If I ate lobster salad and ice cream, I'd eat lobster salad and ice cream."